### PRINTED FOR THE MALONE SOCIETY BY

# OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

# THE COMEDY OF GEORGE A GREEN 1599.

THE MALONE SOCIETY REPRINTS

This reprint of George a Green has been prepared by F. W. Clarke with the assistance of the General Editor.

Oct. 1911.

W. W. Greg.

## In the Stationers' Register appears the following entry: primo die Aprilis [1595]

Whether Burby delayed acting upon this entry, or whether the original edition has perished, there is no means of telling, but no edition bearing an earlier date than 1500 is at present known. Of the edition of 1599 various copies are In the preparation of the present reprint those in the Bodleian and British Museum have been collated throughout, while reference has also been had to others in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. T. J. Wise. No differences have been observed. The play is in quarto and is printed in an ordinary roman fount of This size is intermediate which 20 lines measure 112 mm. between modern English and Great Primer, and in the reprint it has consequently been necessary to replace it by English thin leaded.

The piece is known to have been performed, apparently as an old play, by the Earl of Sussex' men at the Rose playhouse in the winter of 1593-4, the following entries regarding it appearing in the Diary of Philip Henslowe (fol. 8"):

On the question of authorship there is important but rather perplexing evidence. The copy of the play, namely, in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire has the following notes on the title-page. 'Written by . . . . . . a minister, who ac[ted] the piners pt in it himself. Teste W Shakespea[re.]' 'Ed Iuby saith that the play was made by Ro. Gree[ne.]' The ends of the lines have been cropped in binding and the 'r' in the last word has apparently been altered, possibly from 'n'. There is no doubt that these two notes are in two different hands of the early seventeenth century, but their bearing is less clear. The writer of the first evidently did not know the name of the author but put a line of dots in its place. The second writer (who may also have inserted some smaller dots) has left it doubtful whether his note is intended as a confirmation or a correction. There is no evidence that Robert Green the author was ever in orders. Edward Juby was a well-known actor of the Lord Admiral's (subsequently Prince Henry's) company, but his history previous to 1595 is not known. It remains doubtful, however, how much importance should be attached to such anonymous memoranda as these in the absence of greater internal support for the attribution than can be claimed in the present case. The provenance of the inscribed copy seems rather doubtful: it apparently did not form part of the Kemble collection.

It has been suggested that both the 'Iohn Taylour' of l. 18 and the 'Will Perkins' of l. 1178 are names of actors which have accidentally crept into the text. This seems likely enough, but no record survives of either.

The main story of the play is also found in a prose

romance preserved in manuscript at Sion College. Whether an early printed edition ever existed is not known. That the romance was the original of the play seems likely, though it is not certain whether or not the actual manuscript that has survived is earlier than the seventeenth century. A different romance, which knows nothing of the chief events of the play, was printed in 1632. To this was appended a ballad on the same subject of which a late broadside is also known.

The thanks of the Society are due to His Grace the Duke of Devonshire for allowing the reproduction of the title-page to his copy of the play, to his librarian, Mr. J. P. Maine, for information as to readings, and to Mr. T. J. Wise for kindly placing his copy at the disposal of the editor.

#### LIST OF IRREGULAR AND DOUBTFUL READINGS

```
20 Iohn (Iohn.)
                                      431 hoorsen
    tell,
                                      454 Iacke (1.e. Ienkin)
 21 Iame
 81 fo euer
                                      565 confidering
105 esteceme
125 cw. George (126 George)
                                      580 reason (reason.)
                                      587 them them
156 Right
                                      596 c w. Goe (597 Go)
229 (belongs after 230)
                                      620 goes alone, ( gods a loue,)
266 (belongs after 267)
                                      626 hard-by
280 lame
                                      647 Exit. (Exit Wily.)
296 Not
366 Exeunt omnes. (? Exeunt below.)
                                      699 perseuerance
                                              (i.e. perceiverance)
418 blew, (blew.)
```

737 But (s.e. But 1t) 1156 fhrub 749 wift, (?wisht,) 1163 me, In 795 ground (? gowne) 1164 vpou 828 Gramercie, (7 Gramercie) 1181 feee 889 him (? them) 1184 here: (colon doubtful) 893 their (?our) 1213 merit oo6 Kend. 1231 a b odie 965 plunke, 1270 kneele (?ftand) 990 Wakefield, (Bradford,) 1283 The hold of both: 1043 (belongs after 1044) 1332 Iamie. 1128 c.w. There- (1129 Therefore)

#### LIST OF CHARACTERS

#### in order of appearance

Lord HUMES. HENRY MOMFORD, Earl of NED, son of Jane a Barley. Kendal Lord Bonfield rebels. JANE A BARLEY. SIT GILBERT ARMSTRONG a Messenger. JENKIN, a clown, servant to George. SIT NICHOLAS MANNERING JOHN TAYLOR, a post. WILY, boy to George. a Townsman of Wakefield. EDWARD, king of England. The Earl of WARWICK. GEORGE A GREENE. ROBIN HOOD. WILLIAM MUSGROVE. Maid Marian CUDDY, his son. SCARLET his followers. GRIME. Much a Shoemaker of Bradford. Bettris, his daughter. James, king of Scotland.

Followers of Kendal, Scottish soldiers, English nobles, townsmen, shoe-makers, attendants.



# PLEASANT

#### CONCEYTED CO.

medie of George a Greene, the Pinner

of IV akefield. E A ninifer, no a My pointed of m of Snufelf. Tyl-W. Shall per As it was fundry times acted by the servants of the right Flonourable the Earle of Sussex.

Ech. July July gal ye play way med to Lo. Gra



Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford, for Cuthbert Burby: And are to be folder his shop uccre the Royall Exchange. 1599.





# . A pleasant conceyted Comedie of George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield.

Enter the Earle of Kendall, with him the Lord Bonfild, Sir Gilbert Armestrong, and Iohn.

### Earle of Kendall.

Elcome to Bradford, martiall gentlemen, L.Bonfild, & fir Gilbert Armstrong both, And all my troups, euc to my basest groome, Courage and welcome, for the day is ours: Our cause is good, it is for the lands anayle:

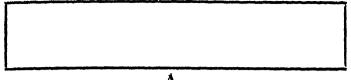
Then let vs fight, and dye for Englands good.

Omnes. We will, my Lord.

Kendall. As I am Henrie Moniford, Kendals Earle You honour me with this affent of yours, And here vpon my fword I make protest,

A.2.

For



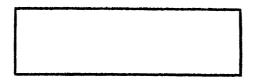
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Sc. 1

#### Earle of Kendall.

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Then let vs fight, and dye for Englands good. Omnes. We will, my Lord.

Kendall. As I am Henrie Momford, Kendals Earle, You honour me with this affent of yours, And here vpon my fword I make protest,

A.2.

For

For to relieue the poore, or dye my felfe:

And know, my Lords, that Iames, the King of Scots,

Warres hard vpon the borders of this land:

Here is his Post: fay, Iohn Taylour,

What newes with King Iames?

For king *Iame* vowes to meete you the 26. of this month, God willing, marie doth he fir.

Kendall. My friends, you fee what we have to winne.

Well, Iohn, commend me to king Iames,

And tell him I will meete him the 26. of this month,

And all the reft: and so farewell. Exit Iohn.

Bonfild, why standst thou as a man in dumps?

Courage: for if I winne, Ile make thee Duke:

I Henry Momford will be King my felfe,

30 And I will make thee Duke of Lancaster,

And Gilbert Armestrong Lord of Doncaster.

Bonfild. Nothing, my Lord, makes me amazde at all,

But that our fouldiers findes our victuals scant:

We must make hauocke of those countrey Swaynes:

For so will the rest tremble and be afraid,

And humbly fend prouifion to your campe.

Gilb. My Lord Bonfild giues good aduice,

They make a fcorne and stand vpon the King:

So what is brought, is fent from them perforce;

40 Aske Mannering else.

Kend. What fayest thou, Mannering?

Man. When as I shew'd your high commission,

They made this answere, Onely to fend prouision for your horses. Kend. Well, hye thee to Wakefield, bid the Towne To fend me all prouision that I want: Least I, like martiall Tamberlaine, lay waste Their bordering Countries, And leaving none alive that contradicts my Commission. Man. Let me alone, my Lord, Ile make them 50 Vayle their plumes: for whatfoere he be, The proudest Knight, Iustice, or other, that gaynsayeth Your word, Ile clap him fast, to make the rest to feare. Kend. Doe so Nick: hye thee thither presently, And let vs heare of thee againe to morrowe. Man. Will you not remooue, my Lord? Kend. No: I will lye at Bradford all this night, And all the next: come, Bonfield, let vs goe, And listen out some bonny lasses here. Exeunt omnes.

Enter the Iustice, a Townesman, George a Greene, and Sir Nicholas Mannering with his Commission.

Iuftice. M. Mannering, stand aside, whilest we conferre What is best to doe.

Townesmen of Wakefield, the Earle of Kendall Here hath sent for victuals; And in ayding him, we shewe our selues No lesse than traytours to the King: Therefore let me heare, Townesmen, What is your consents.

A. .`.

Townes.

Sc. ii

70 Townes. Euen as you please we are all content.

Iustice. Then M. Mannering we are refolu'd.

Man. As howe?

Iustice. Marrie sir, thus.

We will fend the Earle of Kendall no victuals, Because he is a traytour to the King;

And in ayding him we shewe our selues no lesse.

Man. Why, men of Wakefield, are you waxen madde; That present danger cannot whet your wits,

Wisely to make prouision of your selues?

80 The Earle is thirtie thousand men strong in power,
And what towne so ever him resist,
He layes it slat and levell with the ground:
Ye silly men, you seeke your owne decay:
Therefore send my Lord such provision as he wants,
So he will spare your towne, and come no neerer
Wakesield then he is.

Iustice. Master Mannering, you have your answere, You may be gone.

Man. Well, Woodroffe, for so I gesse is thy name, so Ile make thee curse thy ouerthwart deniall; And all that sit vpon the bench this day, Shall rue the houre they have withstood my Lords Commission.

Iuftice. Doe thy worst, we feare thee not.

Man. See you these seales? before you passe the towne,

I will have all things my Lord doth want,

In spite of you.

George

George a Greene. Proud dapper Iacke, vayle bonnet to The bench, That represents the person of the King; 100 Or firra, Ile lay thy head before thy feete. Man Why, who art thou? George. Why, I am George a Greene, True liegeman to my King, Who scornes that men of such esteeeme as these, Should brooke the braues of any trayterous fquire: You of the bench, and you my fellowe friends, Neighbours, we fubiects all vnto the King, We are English borne, and therefore Edwards friends, Voude vnto him euen in our mothers wombe, IIO Our mindes to God, our hearts vnto our King, Our wealth, our homage, and our carcases, Be all King Edwards: then firra, we have Nothing left for traytours, but our fwordes, Whetted to bathe them in your bloods, And dye against you, before we fend you any victuals. Inflice. Well spoken, George a Greene. Townef. Pray let George a Greene speake for vs. George. Sirra you get no victuals here, Not if a hoofe of beefe would faue your liues. 120 Man. Fellowe, I stand amazde at thy presumption: Why, what art thou that darest gaynsay my Lord, Knowing his mighty puissance and his stroke? Why, my friend, I come not barely of my selfe: For see, I have a large Commission.

George

George. Let me see it, sirra.

Whose seales be these?

Man. This is the Earle of Kendals seale at armes, This Lord Charnel Bonsields,

130 And this fir Gilbert Armestrongs.

George. I tell thee, firra, did good King Edwards fonne Seale a commission against the King his father, Thus would I teare it in despite of him, He teares the Commission.

Being traytour to my Soueraigne.

Man. What? hast thou torne my Lords Commission? Thou shalt rue it, and so shall all Wakesield.

George. What, are you in choler? I will give you pilles To coole your stomacke.

140 Seeft thou these seales?

Now by my fathers foule, which was a yeoman,

When he was aliue, eate them,

Or eate my daggers poynt, proud fquire.

Man. But thou doest but iest, I hope

George. Sure that shall you see, before we two part.

Man. Well, and there be no remedie, fo George,

One is gone: I pray thee no more nowe.

George. O fir, if one be good, the others cannot hurt.

So fir, nowe you may goe tell the Earle of Kendall,

150 Although I have rent his large Commission,

Yet of curtesie I haue sent all his seales

Backe againe by you.

Man. Well, fir, I will doe your arrant. Exit.

George.

George. Nowe let him tell his Lord, that he hath Spoke with George a Greene, Right pinner of merrie Wakefield towne, That hath phisicke for a foole, Pilles for a traytour that doeth wrong his Soueraigne. Are you content with this that I have done? *Inftice.* I, content, George: 160 For highly hast thou honourd Wakefield towne, In cutting of proud Mannering fo short. Come, thou shalt be my welcome ghest to day: For well thou hast deserved reward and favour.

#### Exeunt omnes.

Enter olde Musgroue, and yong Cuddie his sonne. Sc iii Cuddie. Nowe gentle father lift vnto thy fonne, And for my mothers loue, That earst was blythe and bonny in thine eye, Graunt one petition that I shall demaund. 170 Olde Musgroue. What is that, my Cuddie? Cuddie. Father, you knowe the ancient enmitie of late, Betweene the Musgroues and the wily Scottes, Whereof they have othe, Not to leave one alive that strides a launce. O Father, you are olde, and wayning age vnto the graue: Olde William Musgroue, which whilome was thought, The brauest horseman in all Westmerland, Is weake, and forst to stay his arme vpon a staffe, That earst could wield a launce: 180

 $\mathbf{B}_{\mathbf{I}}$ 

Then,

Then, gentle Father, refigne the hold to me; Giue armes to youth, and honour vnto age.

Mus. Auaunt, false hearted boy, my 10ynts doe quake, Euen with anguish of thy verie words.

Hath William Musgroue seene an hundred yeres haue I bene feard and dreaded of the Scottes, That when they heard my name in any roade, They sled away, and posted thence amaine had shall I dye with shame nowe in mine age had shall I dye with shame nowe in mine age have No, Cuddie, no, thus resolve I,

Here haue I liu'd, and here will Musgroue dye.

Exeunt omnes.

Sc. iv

#### Enter Lord Bonfild, Sir Gilbert Armestrong, M. Grime, and Bettris his daughter.

Bon Now, getle Grime, God a mercy for our good chere,

Our fare was royall, and our welcome great;
And fith so kindly thou hast entertained vs,
If we returne with happie victorie,
We will deale as friendly with thee in recompence.

200 Grime. Your welcome was but dutie, gentle Lord:
For wherefore haue we given vs our wealth,
But to make our betters welcome when they come?
O, this goes hard when traytours must be flattered:
But life is sweete, and I cannot withstand it.
God (I hope) will revenge the quarrell of my King.

Gilb. What said you, Grime?

Grime. I say, fir Gilbert, looking on my daughter,
I curse the houre that ere I got the girle:

For fir, the may have many wealthy futers,

And yet she disdaines them all, to have Poore George a Greene vnto her husband. Bonfild On that, good Grime, I am talking with thy Daughter; But she in quirkes and quiddities of loue, Sets me to schoole, she is so ouerwise. But, gentle girle, if thou wilt forfake The pinner, and be my loue, I will aduaunce thee high: To dignifie those haires of amber hiew, Ile grace them with a chaplet made of pearle, Set with choice rubies, sparkes, and diamonds, Planted vpon a veluet hood to hide that head, Wherein two faphires burne like sparkling fire: This will I doe, faire Bettris, and farre more, If thou wilt loue the Lord of Doncaster. Bettris. Heigh ho, my heart is in a higher place, Perhaps on the Earle, if that be he, See where he comes, or angrie or in loue; For why, his colour looketh discontent. Kendall. Come, Nick, followe me.

#### Enter the Earle of Kendall and Nicholas Mannering.

Bonfild. Howe nowe, my Lord? what newes?

Kendall. Such newes, Bonfild, as will make thee laugh,
And fret thy fill, to heare how Nick was vide:

Why, the Iustices stand on their termes;

Nick, as you knowe, is hawtie in his words;

B. 2.

He

210

220

He layd the lawe vnto the Iustices,
With threatning braues, that one lookt on another,
Ready to stoope: but that a churle came in,
One George a Greene, the pinner of the towne,
240 And with his dagger drawne layd hands on Nick,
And by no beggers swore that we were traytours,
Rent our Commission, and vpon a braue,
Made Nick to eate the seales, or brooke the stabbe:
Poore Mannering afraid, came posting hither straight.
Bettris. Oh louely George, fortune be still thy friend,
And as thy thoughts be high, so be thy minde,
In all accords, euen to thy hearts desire.
Bonfill. What sayes saire Bettris?

Grimes. My Lord, she is praying for George a Greene:

250 He is the man, and she will none but him.

Bonfild. But him? why, looke on me, my girle: Thou knowest, that yesternight I courted thee, And swore at my returne to wedde with thee: Then tell me, loue, shall I have all thy faire? Bettris. I care not for Earle, nor yet for Knight, Nor Baron that is so bold:

For George a Greene the merrie pinner, He hath my heart in hold.

Bonfild. Bootleffe, my Lord, are many vaine replies.

Let vs hye vs to Wakefield, and fend her the pinners head. Kend. It shall be so. Grime, gramercie, Shut vp thy daughter, bridle her affects, Let me not misse her when I make returne:

Therefore

Therefore looke to her, as to thy life, good Grime. Grime. I warrant you, my Lord.

Ex. Grime & Bettris.

Sc v

Ken. And Bettris, leave a base pinner, for to love an Earle. Faine would I see this pinner George a Greene.

It shall be thus:

Nick Mannering shall leade on the battell, 270 And we three will goe to Wakefield in some disguise: But howfoeuer, Ile haue his head today. Ex. omnes.

#### Enter the King of Scots, Lord Humes, with souldiers and Iohnie.

King. Why, Iohnie: then the Earle of Kendall is blithe, And hath braue men that troupe along with him. Iohnie. I marie, my liege, and hath good men That come along with him, And vowes to meete you at Scrasblesea, God willing. King. If good S. Andrewe lend King Iame leave, 280 I will be with him at the pointed day. But foft: whose pretie boy art thou?

Enter Iane a Barleys sonne.

Ned. Sir, I am fonne vnto Sir Iohn a Barley, Eldest and all that ere my mother had, Edward my name.

Iame. And whither art thou going, pretie Ned? Ned. To feeke fome birdes, and kill them, if I can: And now my scholemaster is also gone: So haue I libertie to ply my bowe:

290 B. 3. For

For when he comes, I stirre not from my booke.

Iames. Lord Humes, but marke the visage of this child;
By him I gesse the beautie of his mother:

None but Læda could breede Helena.

Tell me, Ned, who is within with thy mother.

Ned. Not but her selse and houshold servants, sir:

If you would speake with her, knocke at this gate.

Iames. Iohnie, knocke at that gate.

Enter Iane a Barley upon the walles.

300 Iane. O, I am betraide: what multitudes be these? Iames. Feare not, faire Iane: for all these men are mine, And all thy friends, if thou be friend to me: I am thy louer Iames the King of Scottes, That oft haue fued and wooed with many letters. Painting my outward passions with my pen, When as my inward foule did bleede for woe: Little regard was given to my fute, But haply thy husbands prefence wrought it: Therefore, sweete Iane, I fitted me to time; 310 And hearing that thy husband was from home, Am come to craue what long I have defirde. Ned. Nay, foft you, fir, you get no entrance here, That feeke to wrong fir Iohn a Barley fo, And offer fuch dishonour to my mother. Iames. Why, what dishonour, Ned? Ned. Though young, yet often haue I heard My father fay, No greater wrong than to be made cuckold.

Were I of age, or were my bodie strong, Were he ten Kings, I would shoote him to the heart, 320 That should attempt to give fir Iohn the horne. Mother, let him not come in, I will goe lie at Iockie Millers house. Limes. Stay him. Iane. I, well faid, Ned, thou hast given the King His answere: For were the ghost of Cesar on the earth, Wrapped in the wonted glorie of his honour, He should not make me wrong my husband so: But good King Iames is pleafant, as I gesse, 330 And meanes to trie what humour I am in; Else would he neuer haue brought an hoste of men, To have them witnes of his Scottish lust. Iames. Iane, in faith, Iane. Iane. Neuer reply: for I protest by the highest Holy God, That doometh iust revenge for things amisse, King Iames of all men shall not have my loue. Iames. Then lift to me, Saint Andrewe be my boote, But Ile rase thy castle to the verie ground, 340 Vnlesse thou open the gate, and let me in. Iane. I feare thee not, King Iamie, doe thy worst: This castle is too strong for thee to scale: Befides, to morrowe will fir Iohn come home. Iames. Well, Iane, fince thou disdainst King Iames loue, Ile drawe thee on with sharpe and deepe extremes: For B. 4.

For by my fathers soule, this brat of thine Shall perish here before thine eyes, Vnlesse thou open the gate, and let me in.

350 Iane. O deepe extremes: my heart begins to breake: My little Ned lookes pale for feare.

Cheare thee, my boy, I will doe much for thee.

Ned. But not fo much, as to dishonour me.

Iane. And if thou dyest, I cannot liue, sweete Ned.

Ned. Then dye with honour, mother, dying chaste.

Iane. I am armed:

My husbands loue, his honour, and his fame, Ioynes victorie by vertue.

Nowe, King Iames, if mothers teares cannot alay thine ire, 360 Then butcher him; for I will neuer yeeld. The fonne shall dye, before I wrong the father.

Iames. Why then he dyes.

Allarum within · Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My Lord, Musgroue is at hand.

Iames. Who, Musgroue > The deuill he is. Come,
My horse.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter olde Musgroue with King Iames prisoner.

Mus. Nowe, King Iames, thou art my prisoner.

Iames. Not thine, but fortunes prisoner.

370 Enter Cuddie.

Cuddie. Father, the field is ours: their colours we Haue feyzed:

And Humes is flayne: I flewe him hand to hand.

Mus. God and Saint George.

Cuddie. O father, I am fore athirst.

Iane. Come in, young Cuddie, come and drinke thy fill:

Bring in King Iame with you as a ghest:

For all this broile was cause he could not enter.

Exeunt omnes.

378

Sc UI

Enter George a Greene alone.

George. The sweete content of men that liue in loue, Breedes fretting humours in a restlesse minde, And fansie being checkt by fortunes spite, Growes too impatient in her fweete defires: Sweete to those men whome loue leades on to blisse,

Enter the Clowne.

Ienkin. Marie amen, fir.

George. Sir, what doe you crye, Amen at?

But fowre to me, whose happe is still amisse.

Ienkin. Why, did not you talke of loue?

George. Howe doe you knowe that?

Ienkin. Well, though I say it that should not say it,

There are fewe fellowes in our parish,

So netled with loue, as I have bene of late.

Geor. Sirra, I thought no lesse, when the other morning,

You rose so earely to goe to your wenches.

Sir, I had thought you had gone about my honest busines.

Ienkin. Trow you have hit it for master, be it knowne To you,

There is some good will betwixt Madge the Sousewife, And L

C. I.

Marie

Marie she hath another louer.

George. Canst thou brooke any ruals in thy loue? Ien A rider? no, he is a sow-gelder, and goes associated

But Madge pointed to meete me in your wheate close.

Georg. Well, did she meete you there?

Ien Neuer make question of that:

And first I saluted her with a greene gowne,

And after fell as hard a wooing,

410 As if the Priest had bin at our backs, to have married vs.

Georg What, did she grant?

Ien Did she graunt? Neuer make question of that:

And she gaue me a shirt coler,

Wrought ouer with no counterfet stuffe.

Georg. What, was it gold?

Ien. Nay, twas better than gold.

Georg What was it?

Ien Right Couentrie blew,

Who had no fooner come there, but wot you who 420 came by.

Georg. No, who?

Ien. Clim the fow-gelder.

Georg. Came he by?

Ien. He spide Madge and I sit together,

He leapt from his horse, laid his hand on his dagger, and Began to sweare.

Now I feeing he had a dagger,

And I nothing but this twig in my hand,

I gaue him faire words and faid nothing.

He comes to me and takes me by the bosome,
You hoorsen slaue, said he, hold my horse,
And looke he take no colde in his feete
No marie shall he sir, quoth I,
Ile lay my cloake vinderneath him:
I tooke my cloake, spread it all along,
And his horse on the midst of it.

Georg. Thou clowne, didst thou set his horse vpon
Thy cloake?

Ien. I, but marke how I ferued him .

Madge and he was no fooner gone downe into the ditch, 440 But I plucked out my knife,

Cut foure hoales in my cloake, and made his horse stand. On the bare ground.

Geor. Twas well done: now fir, go and furuay my fields: If you finde any cattell in the corne, to pound with them. Ien. And if I finde any in the pound, I shall turne them out.

Exit Ienkin.

Enter the Earle of Kendal, Lord Bonfield, sir Gilbert, all disguised, with a traine of men.

Kend. Now we have put the horses in the corne, Let vs stand in some corner for to heare, What brauing tearmes the pinner will breathe, When he spies our horses in the corne

Enter Iacke blowing of his horne.

Ien O master where are you? we have a prise

Georg. A prise, what is it?

450

Ienkin. Three goodly horses in our wheate close.

George. Three horses in our wheat close? whose be they? Ienkin. Marie thats a riddle to me: but they are there.

dutie was, I put off my cappe, and faid as followeth:

My masters, what doe you make in our close?

One of them hearing me aske what he made there, held vp his head and neighed, and after his maner Liught as heartily as if a mare had bene tyed to his girdle. My masters, said I, it is no laughing matter; for if my master take you here, you goe, as round as a top, to the pound. Another vntoward iade hearing me threaten him to the pound, and to tell you of them, cast vp both his heeles, and let such a monstrous

470 great fart; that was as much as in his language to fay, A fart for the pound, and a fart for George a Greene. Nowe I hearing this, put on my cap, blewe my horne, called them all iades, and came to tell you.

George. Nowe fir, goe and drive me those three horses To the pound.

Ienkin. Doe you heare? I were best take a constable With me.

George. Why fo?

Why, they being gentlemens horses, may stand on their 480 Reputation, and will not obey me.

George. Goe doe as I bid you, fir.

Ienkin. Well, I may goe.

The Earle of Kendall, the Lord Bonfild, and fir Gilbert Armestrong meete them.

Kend. Whither away, fir ?

Ienkin. Whither away? I am going to put the hories In the pound.

Kend. Sirra, those three horses belong to vs, and we put Them in, and they must tarrie there, and eate their fill.

Tenkin. Stay, I will goe tell my master.

Heardyou, master? we have another prise:

Those three horses be in your wheate close still,

And here be three geldings more.

George. What be these?

Ienkin. These are the masters of the horses.

George. Nowe, gentlemen, I knowe not your degrees,

But more you cannot be, vnlesse you be Kings,

Why wrong you vs of Wakefield with your horses?

I am the pinner, and before you passe,

You shall make good the trespasse they have done.

Kend. Peace, faucie mate, prate not to vs:

I tell thee, pinner, we are gentlemen

George. Why fir, fo may I fir, although I give no armes.

Kend. Thou? howe art thou a gentleman?

Ienkin. And fuch is my master, and he may give as good Armes, as ever your great grandsather could give.

Kend Pray thee let me heare howe?

Ienkin. Marie my master may give for his armes,

The picture of Aprill in a greene ierkin,

With a rooke on one fift, and an horne on the other:

But my master gives his armes the wrong way;

For he gives the horne on his fift:

C. 3.

And

490

500

And your grandfather, because he would not lose his Armes,

Weares the horne on his owne head.

Kend. Well pinner, fith our horses be in,

In spite of thee they now shall feede their fill,

And eate vntill our leafures ferue to goe.

George. Now by my fathers foule,

520 Were good king Edwards horses in the corne,

They shall amend the scath or kisse the pound,

Much more yours fir, whatfoere you be.

Kend. Why man, thou knowest not vs,

We do belong to Henry Momford Earle of Kendal,

Men that before a month be full expirde,

Will be king Edwards betters in the land.

Georg. King Edwards better, rebell, thou lieft.

George strikes him.

Bonfild. Villaine, what hast thou done? thou hast stroke 530 An Earle.

Geor. Why what care I? A poore man that is true, Is better then an Earle, if he be false:

Traitors reape no better fauours at my hands.

Kend. I, so me thinks, but thou shalt deare aby this blow. Now or neuer lay hold on the pinner.

Enter all the ambush.

Georg. Stay, my Lords, let vs parlie on these broiles:

Not Hercules against two, the prouerbe is,

Nor I against so great a multitude.

540 Had not your troupes come marching as they did,

I would

I would have stopt your passage vnto London: But now Ile flie to fecret policie. Kend What doest thou murmure, George > George. Marie this, my Lord, I muse, If thou be Henrie Momford Kendals Earle, That thou wilt doe poore G. a Greene this wrong, Euer to match me with a troupe of men. Kend. Why doeft thou strike me then? Geor. Why my Lord, measure me but by your selfe: Had you a man had feru'd you long, 550 And heard your foe mifuse you behinde your backe, And would not draw his fword in your defence, You would cashere him. Much more, king Edward is my king: And before Ile heare him fo wrong'd, Ile die within this place, And maintaine good whatfoeuer I have faid. And if I speake not reason in this case, What I have faid Ile maintaine in this place. Bon. A pardon my Lord for this pinner, 560 For trust me he speaketh like a man of worth. Well, George, wilt thou leave Wakefielde and Kend. Wend with me, lle freely put vp all and pardon thee. Georg. I my Lord, confidering me one thing, You will leaue these armes and follow your good king. Ken. Why George, I rise not against king Edward, But for the poore that is opprest by wrong, C. 4. And

And if King Edward will redresse the same, 570 I will not offer him disparagement,

But otherwise; and so let this suffise:

Thou hear'st the reason why I rise in armes.

Nowe wilt thou leave Wakefield, and wend with me,

Ile make thee captaine of a hardie band,

And when I have my will, dubbe thee a knight.

George. Why, my Lord, haue you any hope to winne?

Kend. Why, there is a prophecie doeth fay,

That King Iames and I shall meete at London,

And make the King vaile bonnet to vs both.

580 Geo. If this were true, my Lord, this were a mighty reason Ken. Why, it is a miraculous prophecie, and cannot faile. George. Well, my Lord, you have almost turned me. Ienkin, come hither.

Ienkin, Sir.

George. Goe your waies home, fir,
And drive me those three horses home vnto my house,
And powre them them downe a bushell of good oates.

Ienkin. Well, I will. Must I give these scurvie horses
Oates?

Exit Ienkin.

590 Geor. Will it please you to commaund your traine aside?

— Kend. Stand aside. Exit the trayne.

George. Nowe list to me:

Here in a wood not farre from hence, There dwels an old man in a caue alone, That can foretell what fortunes shall befall you, For he is greatly skilfull in magike arte:

Go you three to him early in the morning, And question him if he saies good, Why then my Lord, I am the formost man, We will march vp with your campe to London. 600 Kend. George, thou honourest me in this: But where shall we finde him out? Georgia My man shall conduct you to the place: But good my Lords tell me true what the wife man faith. Kend. That will I, as I am Earle of Kendal. George. Why then, to honour G. a Greene the more, Vouchsafe a peece of beefe at my poore house, You shall have wafer cakes your fill, A peece of beefe hung vp fince Martilmas, If that like you not, take what you bring for me. 610 Exeunt omnes. Kend. Gramercies, George.

Enter George a Greenes boy VVily, disguised like a woman to M. Grimes.

Sc. vii

620

Wily. O what is loue? it is fome mightie power, Else could it neuer conquer G. a Greene: Here dwels a churle that keepes away his loue, I know the worst and if I be espied, Tis but a beating, and if I by this meanes Can get faire Bettris forth her fathers dore, It is inough, Venus for me, and all goes alone, Be aiding to my wily enterprise.

He knocks at the doore.

#### Enter Grime.

Gri. How now, who knocks there? what would you have?

D. 1. From

From whence came you? where doe you dwell? VVily. I am, forfooth, a femfters maide hard-by, That hath brought worke home to your daughter. Grime. Nay, are you not some craftie queane, That comes from George a Greene, that rascall,

630 With some letters to my daughter?

I will haue you fearcht.

WVily. Alas, fir, it is Hebrue vnto me,
To tell me of George a Greene, or any other:
Search me good fir,

And if you finde a letter about me, Let me have the punishment that is due.

Grime. Why are you musted? I like you the worse For that.

VVily. I am not, fir, asham'd to shew my face,
640 Yet loth I am my cheekes should take the aire,
Not that I am charie of my beauties hue,
But that I am troubled with the tooth-ach fore.
Grime. A pretie wench of smiling countenance,
Olde men can like, although they cannot loue,
I, and loue, though not so briefe as yong men can.
Well, goe in, my wench, and speake with my daughter.

Exit.

I wonder much at the Earle of Kendall,
Being a mightie man, as still he is,
650 Yet for to be a traitor to his king,
Is more then God or man will well allow:
But what a foole am I to talke of him?

My minde is more heere of the prette lasse: Had she brought some fortie pounds to towne, I could be content to make her my wife: Yet I have heard it in a proverbe said, He that is olde, and marries with a lasse, Lies but at home, and prooves himselfe an asse.

Enter Bettris in VVilies apparell to Grime. How how, my wench, how ift? what not a word? 660 Alas, poore foule, the tooth-ach plagues her fore. Well, my wench, here is an Angel for to buy thee pinnes, And I pray thee vse mine house, The oftner the more welcome: farewell. Exit. Bettris. O bleffed loue, and bleffed fortune both. But Bettris, stand not here to talke of loue, But hye thee straight vnto thy George a Greene: Neuer went Roe-bucke fwifter on the downes, 668 Then I will trip it till I fee my George. Exit. Enter the Earle of Kendall, L. Bonfield, fir Sc vii

Kend. Come away Ienkin.

Ien. Come, here is his house. Where be you, ho? Georg. Who knocks there?

Gilbert, and Ienkin the clowne.

Kend. Heere are two or three poore men, father, Would speake with you.

Georg. Pray giue your man leaue to leade me forth. Kend. Goe, Ienkin, fetch him forth.

Ien. Come, olde man.

Enter George a Greene disguised.
D. 2.

Kend.

Kend. Father, heere is three poore men come to question Thee a word in secrete that concernes their liues.

George. Say on my fonnes.

Kend. Father, I am sure you heare the newes, How that the Earle of Kendal wars against the king, Now father we three are Gentlemen by birth, But yonger brethren that want reuenues, And for the hope we haue to be preferd, If that we knew that we shall winne,

690 We will march with him:

If not, we will not march a foote to London more. Therefore good father, tell vs what shall happen, Whether the King or the Earle of Kendal shall win. George. The king, my sonne.

Kend. Art thou fure of that?

George. I, as fure as thou art Henry Momford, The one L. Bonfild, the other fir Gilbert.

Kend. Why this is wondrous, being blinde of fight, His deepe perseuerance should be such to know vs.

- 700 Gilb. Magike is mightie, and foretelleth great matters: In deede Father, here is the Earle come to see thee, And therefore good father fable not with him.
- George. Welcome is the Earle to my poore cell,
  And so are you my Lords: but let me counsell you,
  To leave these warres against your king,
  And live in quiet.

Kend. Father, we come not for aduice in warre, But to know whether we shall win or leese.

Georg. Lose gentle Lords, but not by good king Edward:	
A baser man shall giue you all the foile.	710
Kend. I marie father, what man is that?	
George. Poore George a Greene the pinner.	
Kend. What shall he?	
George. Pull all your plumes, and fore dishonour you.	
Kend, He, as how?	
George. Nay, the end tries all, but so it will fall out.	
Kend. But so it shall not by my honor Christ.	
Ile raise my campe, and fire Wakefield towne,	
And take that feruile pinner George a Greene,	
And butcher him before king Edwards face.	720
George. Good my Lord be not offended,	
For I speake no more then arte reueales to me:	
And for greater proofe,	
Giue your man leaue to fetch me my staffe.	
Kend. Ienkin, fetch him his walking staffe.	
Ien. Here is your walking staffe.	
George. Ile proue it good vpon your carcases:	
A wifer wifard neuer met you yet,	
Nor one that better could foredoome your fall:	
Now I haue fingled you here alone,	730
I care not though you be three to one.	
Kend. Villaine, hast thou betraid vs?	
Georg. Momford, thou lieft, neuer was I traitor yet;	
Onely deuis'd this guile to draw you on,	
For to be combatants.	•
Now conquere me, and then march on to London:	
D. 3. Bu	t

But shall goe hard, but I will hold you taske.

Gilb. Come, my Lord, cheerely, Ile kill him hand to hand.

Kend. A thousand pound to him that strikes that stroke.

740 Georg. Then giue it me, for I will haue the first.

Here they fight, George kils sir Gilbert, and takes the other two prisoners.

Bonfild. Stay, George, we doe appeale.

George To whom.

Bon. Why, to the king.

For rather had we bide what he appoynts,

Then here be murthered by a feruile groome.

Kend. What wilt thou doe with vs?

Georg. Euen as Lord Bonfild wift,

750 You shall vnto the king,

And for that purpose see where the Iustice is placed.

### Enter Iustice.

Iust. Now, my Lord of Kendal, where be al your threats? Euen as the cause, so is the combat fallen,

Else one could neuer haue conquerd three.

Kend. I pray thee, Woodroffe, doe not twit me:

If I have faulted, I must make amends.

Geor. Master Woodroffe, here is not a place for many Words,

760 I befeech ye fir, discharge all his souldiers,

That every man may goe home vnto his owne house *Iustice*. It shall bee so, what wilt thou doe George?

. Geor. Master Woodroffe, looke to your charge, Leaue me to my selfe.

Iust. Come, my Lords. Exit all but George. Geor. Here fit thou, George, wearing a willow wreath, As one despairing of thy beautious loue: Fie George no more, Pine not away for that which cannot be:

I cannot iov in any earthly bliffe,

So long as I doe want my Bettris.

Enter Ienkin.

Ien. Who fee a mafter of mine?

George. How now, firrha, whither away?

Ien. Whither away? why who doe you take me to bee? Georg. Why Ienkin my man.

Ien. I was fo once in deede, but now the case is altered.

George. I pray thee, as how?

Ien. Were not you a fortune teller to day?

Georg. Well, what of that?

Ien. So fure am I become a jugler.

What will you fay if I juggle your sweete heart?

George. Peace, prating losell, her relous father

Doth wait ouer her with fuch fuspitious eyes,

That if a man but dally by her feete,

He thinks it straight, a witch to charme his daughter.

Ien. Well, what will you give me, if I bring her hither? George. A fute of greene, and twentie crownes besides.

Ien. Well, by your leaue, give me roome,

You must give me something that you have lately worne. 790

George. Here is a gowne, will that ferue you?

Ienkin. I, this will ferue me: keepe out of my circle,

D. 4. Least

770

Least you be torne in peeces with shee deuils: Mistres Bettris, once, twice, thrice.

He throwes the ground in, and she comes out. Oh is this no cunning?

George. Is this my loue, or is it but her shadow?

Ienkin. I this is the shadow, but heere is the substance.

George. Tell mee fweete loue, what good fortune 800 Brought thee hither:

For one it was that fauoured George a Greene.

Bettris. Both loue & fortune brought me to my George, In whose sweete sight is all my hearts content.

Geor. Tell mee sweete loue, how camst thou from thy Fathers?

Bettris. A willing minde hath many flips in loue:

It was not I, but Wily thy fweete boy.

Geor. And where is Wily now?

Bettris. In my apparell in my chamber still.

810 Geor. Ienkin, come hither: Goe to Bradford,

And listen out your fellow Wily.

Come, Bettris, let vs in,

And in my cottage we will fit and talke.

Exeunt omnes.

Scix r Enter King Edward, the king of Scots, Lord VV arwicke, yong Cuddy, and their traine.

Edward. Brother of Scotland, I doe hold it hard, Seeing a league of truce was late confirmde Twixt you and me, without displeasure offered, 820 You should make such inuasion in my land,

The

The vowes of kings should be as oracles, Not blemisht with the staine of any breach, Chiefly where fealtie and homage willeth it. Iames. Brother of England, rub not the fore afresh, My conscience grieues me for my deepe misdeede, I have the worst, of thirtie thousand men, There scapt not full five thousand from the field. Edward Gramercie, Musgroue, else it had gone hard. Cuddie, Ile quite thee well ere we two part. Iames. But had not his olde Father William Musgroue 830 Plaid twice the man, I had not now bene here, A stronger man I seldome felt before, But one of more resolute valiance, Treads not I thinke vpon the English ground. Edward. I wot wel, Musgroue shall not lose his hier. Cuddie. And it please your grace, my father was Fine fcore and three at Midsommer last past, Yet had king Iamie bene as good as George a Greene, Yet Billy Musgroue would have fought with him. Edward. As George a Greene, I pray thee, Cuddie, 840 Let me question thee, Much haue I heard fince I came to my crowne, Many in manner of a prouerbe fay, Were he as good as G. a Green, I would strike him fure: I pray thee tell me, Cuddie, canst thou informe me, What is that George a Greene. Cuddie. Know, my Lord, I neuer faw the man,

Æ

But mickle talke is of him in the Country,

They fay he is the Pinner of Wakefield towne, 850 But for his other qualities, I let alone.

VVar. May it please your grace, I know the ma too wel. Edward. Too well, why so, Warwicke?

VVar. For once he swingde me, till my bones did ake.

Edward. Why, dares he strike an Earle?

VVarw. An Earle my Lord, nay he wil strike a king, Be it not king Edward.

For stature he is framde,

Like to the picture of stoute Hercules,

And for his carriage passeth Robin Hood.

The boldest Earle or Baron of your land,
That offereth scath vnto the towne of Wakefield,
George will arrest his pledge vnto the pound,
And who so resisteth beares away the blowes,
For he himselse is good inough for three.

Edward. Why this is wondrous, my L. of Warwicke,
Sore do I long to see this George a Greene.
But leaving him, what shall we do, my Lord,

For to subdue the rebels in the North?

They are now marching vp to Doncaster.

Soft, who have we there?

Cuddie. Here is a traitour, the Earle of Kendal.

Edward. Afpiring traitour, how darft thou once
Caft thine eyes vpon thy Soueraigne,
That honour'd thee with kindenes and with favour?
But I will make thee buy this treason deare.

Kend.

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E 2.

Kend.

Kend. Gracious is Edward to offending subjects. Iames. My Lord of Kend. you are welcome to the court. Edward. Nay, but ill come as it fals out now, I, ill come in deede, were it not for George a Greene, But gentle king, for fo you would auerre, 910 And Edwards betters, I falute you both, And here I vowe by good Saint George, You wil gaine but litle when your fummes are counted. I fore doe long to fee this George a Greene: And for because I neuer saw the North, I will forthwith goe fee it: And for that to none I will be knowen, We will disguise our selues and steale downe secretly, Thou and I king Iames, Cuddie, and two or three, And make a merrie sourney for a moneth. 920 Away then, conduct him to the tower.

Come on king Iames, my heart must needes be merrie, If fortune make such hauocke of our foes. Ex. omnes.

Sc. v Enter Robin Hood, Mayd Marian, Scarlet, and Much the Millers sonne.

Robin. Why is not louely Marian blithe of cheere?
What ayles my Lemman that she gins to lowre?
-Say good Marian why art thou so sad.
Marian. Nothing, my Robin, grieues me to the heart,

930 I heare no fongs but all of George a Greene, Bettris his faire Lemman passeth me. And this my Robin gaules my very soule.

But whenfoeuer I doe walke abroad,

Robin.

Robin. Content, what wreakes it vs though George a Greene be stoute, So long as he doth proffer vs no fcath? Enuie doth feldome hurt but to it felfe, And therefore, Marian, fmile vpon thy Robin. Marian. Neuer will Marian smile vpon her Robin, Nor lie with him under the green wood shade, Till that thou go to Wakefield on a greene, 940 And beate the Pinner for the love of me. Robin. Content thee, Marian, I will eafe thy griefe, My merrie men and I will thither stray, And heere I vow that for the love of thee, I will beate George a Greene, or he shall beate me. Scarlet. As I am Scarlet, next to little Iohn, One of the boldest yeomen of the crew, So will I wend with Robin all along, And try this Pinner what he dares do. Much. As I am Much the Millers fonne, 950 That left my Mill to go with thee, And nill repent that I have done, This pleasant life contenteth me, In ought I may to doe thee good. Ile liue and die with Robin Hood. Marian. And Robin, Marian she will goe with thee, To see faire Bettris how bright she is of blee. Robin. Marian, thou shalt goe with thy Robin. Bend vp your bowes, and fee your strings be tight, The arrowes keene, and euery thing be ready, 960 E. 3. And

And each of you a good bat on his necke,

Able to lay a good man on the ground.

Scarlet. I will have Frier Tuckes.

Much. I will have little Iohns.

Robin. I will have one made of an ashen plunke,

Able to beare a bout or two.

Then come on, Marian, let vs goe,

For before the Sunne doth shew the morning day,

969 I wil be at Wakefield to see this Pinner George a Greene.

Exeunt omnes.

Sc. 2i Enter a Shoomaker sitting upon the stage at worke, Ienkin to him.

Ien. My masters, he that hath neither meate nor money,

And hath lost his credite with the Alewife,

For any thing I know, may goe supperlesse to bed.

But foft who is heere? here is a Shoomaker:

He knowes where is the best Ale.

Shoomaker, I pray thee tell me,

Where is the best Ale in the towne?

980 Shoomaker. Afore, afore, follow thy nose:

At the figne of the eggeshell.

Ienkin. Come Shoomaker, if thou wilt,

And take thy part of a pot.

Shoomaker. Sirra, Downe with your staffe,

Downe with your staffe.

Ienkin. Why how now, is the fellow mad?

I pray thee tell me, why should I hold downe my staffe?

Shooma. You wil downe with him, will you not fir?

Ienkin.

Ienkin. Why tell me wherefore?

Shoo. My friend, this is the towne of merry Wakefield, 990 And here is a custome held,

That none shall passe with his staffe on his shoulders, But he must have a bout with me,

And fo shall you fir.

Ienkin. And so will not I sir.

Shoo. That wil I try. Barking dogs bite not the forest.

Ienkin. I would to God, I were once well rid of him.

Shooma. Now, what, will you downe with your staffe?

Ienkin. Why you are not in earnest, are you?

Shoomaker. If I am not, take that.

Ienkin. You whoorsen cowardly scabbe,

It is but the part of a clapperdudgeon,

To strike a man in the streete.

But darest thou walke to the townes end with me?

Shoomaker. I that I dare do: but stay till I lay in my

Tooles, and I will goe with thee to the townes end Presently.

Ienkin. I would I knew how to be rid of this fellow.

Shoom. Come fir, wil you go to the townes end now fir?

Ienkin. I fir, come.

Now we are at the townes end, what fay you now?

Shoomaker. Marry come, let vs euen haue a bout.

Ienkin. Ha, stay a little, hold thy hands, I pray thee.

Shoomaker. Why whats the matter?

Ienkin. Faith I am vnder-pinner of a towne,

And there is an order, which if I doe not keepe,

E 4.

I shall

1000

IOIO

I shall be turned out of mine office.

Shoomaker. What is that, fir?

Ienkin. Whenfoeuer I goe to fight with any bodie,

Before I strike, and then shew no fauour.

Shoomaker. Well fir, and till then I will not strike thee.

Ienkin. Wel fir, here is once, twice, here is my hand,

I will neuer doe it the third time.

Shoomaker. Why then I fee we shall not fight.

Ienkin. Faith no: come, I will give thee two pots

Of the best Ale, and be friends.

Shoomak. Faith I fee it is as hard to get water out of a flint, As to get him to have a bout with me:

1030 Therefore I will enter into him for some good cheere:

My friend, I fee thou art a faint hearted fellow,

Thou hast no stomacke to fight,

Therefore let vs go to the Alehouse and drinke.

Ieikin. Well, content, goe thy wayes and fay thy prayers,
Thou fcapft my hands to day.

Exeunt omnes.

Sc. xii Enter George a Greene and Bettris.

What canst thou brooke to liue with George a Greene?

Bettris. Oh George, how little pleasing are these words?

1040 Came I from Bradford for the loue of thee?

And left my father for fo sweet a friend?

Here will I liue vntill my life doe end.

Enter Robin Hood, and Marian, and his traine.

George. Happy am I to have so sweet a loue.

But what are these come trasing here along?

Bettris. Three men come striking through the corne,
My loue.

George. Backe againe, you foolish trauellers, For you are wrong, and may not wend this way.

Robin-Hood. That were great shame.

Now by my foule, proud fir,

We be three tall yeomen, and thou art but one:

Come, we will forward in despite of him.

George. Leape the ditch, or I will make you skip.

What, cannot the hie way ferue your turne,

But you must make a path ouer the corne?

Robin. Why, art thou mad? dar'st thou incounter three?

We are no babes, man, looke vpon our limmes.

Geo. Sirra, the biggest lims have not the stoutest hearts.

Were ye as good as Robin Hood, and his three mery men, 1060

Ile driue you backe the same way that ye came.

Be ye men, ye scorne to incounter me all at once,

But be ye cowards, fet vpon me all three,

And try the Pinner what he dares performe.

Scarlet. Were thou as high in deedes,

As thou art haughtie in wordes,

Thou well mightest be a champion for a king:

But emptie vessels haue the loudest founds,

And cowards prattle more than men of worth.

George. Sirra, darest thou trie me?

Scarlet. I firra, that I dare.

They fight, and George a Greene beats him.

1070

Much.

Much. How now? what art thou downe? Come, fir, I am next.

They fight, and George a Greene beates him.

Robin Hood. Come firra, now to me, spare me not, For Ile not spare thee.

George. Make no doubt, I will be as liberall to thee. They fight, Robin Hood stayes.

Thou art the stoutest champion that euer I layd Handes vpon.

George. Soft you fir, by your leave you lye, You never yet laid hands on me.

Robin Hood. George, wilt thou forfake Wakefield, And go with me,

Two liueries will I giue thee euerie yeere,

And fortie crownes shall be thy fee.

George. Why, who art thou?

1090 Robin Hood. Why, Robin Hood:

I am come hither with my Marian,

And these my yeomen for to visit thee.

George. Robin Hood? next to king Edward

Art thou leefe to me:

Welcome, fweet Robin, welcome, mayd Marian,

And welcome, you my friends.

Will you to my poore house, You shall have wafer cakes your fill,

A peece of beefe hung vp fince Martlemas,

1100 Mutton and veale, if this like you not,

Take that you finde, or that you bring for me. Robin Hood. Godamercies, good George, Ile be thy ghest to day. George. Robin, therein thou honourest me. Ile leade the way. Exeunt omnes.

> Enter King Edward, and King Iames difguised, with two staves.

Edward. Come on, king Iames, now wee are Thus disguised.

There is none (I know) will take vs to be kings: I thinke we are now in Bradford, Where all the merrie shoomakers dwell.

Enter a Shoomaker.

Shoomaker. Downe with your staues, my friends, Downe with them.

Edward. Downe with our staues? I pray thee, why so? Shoomaker. My friend, I fee thou art a stranger heere, Else wouldest thou not have questiond of the thing. This is the towne of merrie Bradford, And here hath beene a custome kept of olde, That none may beare his staffe upon his necke,

But traile it all along throughout the towne, Vnlesse they meane to have a bout with me. Edward. But heare you fir, hath the king

Granted you this custome?

Shoomaker. King or Kaifar, none shall passe this way, Except King Edward,

No not the stoutest groome that haunts his court:

There-

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Therefore downe with your staues.

1130 Edward. What were we best to do?

lames. Faith, my Lord, they are stoute fellowes.

And because we will see some sport,

We will traile our staues.

Edward. Heer'st thou, my friend?

Because we are men of peace and trauellers,

We are content to traile our staues.

Shoomaker. The way lyes before you, go along.

Enter Robin Hood and George a Greene disguised.

Robin Hood. See George, two men are passing

1140 Through the towne,

Two lustie men, and yet they traile their staues.

George. Robin, they are some perants

Trickt in yeomans weedes. Hollo, you two trauellers.

Edward. Call you vs, fir ?

George. I, you. Are ye not big inough to beare

Your bats vpon your neckes,

But you must traile them along the streetes?

Edwar. Yes fir, we are big inough, but here is a custome

Kept, that none may passe his staffe vpon his necke,

1150 Vnlesse he traile it at the weapons point.

Sir, we are men of peace, and loue to fleepe

In our whole skins, and therefore quietnes is best.

George. Base minded pesants, worthlesse to be men,

What, haue you bones and limmes to strike a blow,

And be your hearts so faint, you cannot fight?

Wert not for shame, I would shrub your shoulders well,

And

And teach you manhood against another time. Shoom. Well preacht fir Iacke, downe with your staffe. Edwar. Do you heare my friends? and you be wife, Keepe downe your staues, 1160 For all the towne will rife vpon you. George. Thou speakest like an honest quiet fellow. But heare you me, In spite of all the swaines Of Bradford town, beare me your staues vpou your necks, Or to begin withall, Ile baste you both so well, You were neuer better basted in your lines. Edward. We will hold vp our staues.

> George a Greene fights with the Shoomakers, and beates them all downe.

George. What, have you any more? Call all your towne forth, cut, and longtaile.

The Shoomakers spy George a Greene.

Shoomaker. What, George a Greene, is it you? A plague found you,

I thinke you long'd to fwinge me well.

Come George, we wil crush a pot before we part.

George. A pot you slaue, we will have an hundred.

Heere, Will Perkins, take my purse,

Fetch me a stand of Ale, and set in the Market place, That all may drinke that are athirst this day,

For this is for a feee to welcome Robin Hood

To Bradford towne.

They bring out the stande of ale, and fall a drinking. Here Robin, fit thou here: for thou art the best man

1180

At the boord this day.

You that are strangers, place your selues where you will. Robin, heer's a carouse to good King Edwards selse, And they that loue him not, I would we had The basting of them a litle.

1190

Enter the Earle of VV arwicke with other noble men, bringing out the Kings garments then George a Greene and the rest kneele downe to the King.

Edward. Come, masters, all fellowes.

Nay, Robin, you are the best man at the boord to day.
Rise vp George.

George. Nay, good my Liege, ill nurturd we were then: Though we Yorkeshire men be blunt of speech, And litle skild in court, or such quaint fashions,

1200 Yet nature teacheth vs duetie to our king:

Therefore I humbly befeech you pardon George a Green. Robin. And good my Lord, a pardon for poore Robin, And for vs all a pardon, good King Edward.

Shoomaker. I pray you, a pardon for the Shoomakers.

Edward. I frankely grant a pardon to you all.

And, George a Greene, give me thy hand:
There is none in England that shall doe thee wrong.
Even from my court I came to see thy selfe;
And now I see that fame speakes nought but trueth.

That which I did against the Earle of Kendal, It was but a subjects duetie to his Soueraigne,

And therefore little merit fuch good words.

Edward. But ere I go, Ile grace thee with good deeds.

Say what King Edward may performe,

And thou shalt have it, being in Englands bounds.

George. I have a louely Lemman,

As bright of blee as is the filuer moone,

And olde Grimes her father will not let her match

With me, because I am a Pinner,

Although I loue her, and she me dearely.

Edward. Where is she?

George. At home at my poore house,

And vowes neuer to marrie vnlesse her father

Giue consent, which is my great griefe, my Lord.

Edward. If this be all, I will dispatch it straight,

Ile fend for Grime, and force him giue his grant,

He will not denie king Edward fuch a fute.

## Enter Ienkin, and Speakes.

Ho, who faw a master of mine?

Oh he is gotten into company, and a b odie should rake

Hell for companie.

George. Peace, ye flaue, see where King Edward is.

Edward. George, what is he?

George. I beseech your grace pardon him, he is my man.

Shoomaker. Sirra, the king hath bene drinking with vs, And did pledge vs too.

Ienkin. Hath he fo? kneele, I dub you gentlemen.

Shoomaker. Beg it of the King, Ienkin.

Ienkin. I wil. I beseech your worship grant me one thing. 1240

F 4.

Edward.

1220

Edward. What is that?

Ienkin. Hearke in your eare.

He whispers the king in the eare.

Edward. Goe your wayes and do it.

Ienkin. Come downe on your knees, I have got it.

Shoomaker. Let vs heare what it is first.

Ienkin. Mary, because you have drunke with the king,

And the king hath so graciously pledgd you,

You shall be no more called Shoomakers.

1250 But you and yours to the worlds ende,

Shall be called the trade of the gentle craft.

Shoomaker. I befeech your maiestie reforme this

Which he hath spoken.

lenkin. I befeech your worship consume this

Which he hath spoken.

Edward. Confirme it, you would fay.

Well, he hath done it for you, it is sufficient.

Come, George, we will goe to Grime,

And haue thy loue.

1260 Ienkin. I am sure your worship will abide:

For yonder is comming olde Musgroue,

And mad Cuddie his fonne.

Master, my fellow Wilie comes drest like a woman,

And master Grime will marrie Wilie: Heere they come.

Enter Musgroue and Cuddie, and master

Grime, VVilie, Mayd Marian

and Bettris.

Edward. Which is thy old father, Cuddie?

Cuddie.

Cuddie. This, if it please your maiestie. Edward. Ah old Mufgroue, kneele vp. 1270 It fits not fuch gray haires to kneele. Musgroue. Long live my Soueragine, Long and happie be his dayes: Vouchsafe, my gracious Lord, a simple gift, At Billy Mufgroues hand: King Iames at Meddellom castle gaue me this, This wonne the honour, and this give I thee. Edward. Godamercie, Musgroue, for this friendly gift And for thou feldst a king with this same weapon, This blade shall here dub valiant Musgroue knight. 1280 Musgr. Alas what hath your highnes done? I am poore. Edw. To mend thy living take thou Meddellom castle, The hold of both: and if thou want living, complaine, Thou shalt have more to mainetaine thine estate. George, which is thy loue? George. This, if please your maiestie. Edward. Art thou her aged father? Grime. I am, and it like your maiestie. Edwar. And wilt not give thy daughter vnto George? Grime. Yes, my Lord, if he will let me marrie 1290 With this louely lasse. Edward. What fayst thou, George? George. With all my heart, my Lord, I give confent. Grime. Then do I giue my daughter vnto George. VVilie. Then shall the mariage soone be at an end. Witnesse, my Lord, if that I be a woman,

For

For I am Wilie, boy to George'a Greene, Who for my master wrought this subtill shift.

Edwar. What, is it a boy? what fayst thou to this Grime? 1300 Grime. Mary, my Lord, I thinke this boy hath

More knauerie, than all the world befides.

Yet am I content that George shall both have My daughter and my lands.

Edward. Now George, it rests I gratise thy worth:

And therefore here I doe bequeath to thee,

In full possession halfe that Kendal hath,

And what as Bradford holdes of me in chiefe,

I give it frankely vnto thee for euer.

Kneele downe George.

1310 George. What will your maiestie do?

Edward. Dub thee a knight, George.

George. I befeech your grace, grant me one thing.

Edward. What is that?

George. Then let me liue and die a yeoman still:

So was my father, so must live his sonne.

For tis more credite to men of base degree,

To do great deeds, than men of dignitie.

Edward. Well, be it so George.

-lames. I befeech your grace dispatch with me,

1320 And fet downe my ranfome.

Edward. George a Greene, fet downe the king of Scots His ransome.

George. I beseech your grace pardon me, It passeth my skill.

Edward.

Edward. Do it, the honor's thine. George. Then let king Iames make good Those townes which he hath burnt vpon the borders, Giue a small pension to the fatherlesse. Whose fathers he caus'd murthered in those warres, Put in pledge for these things to your grace, 1330 And fo returne. King Iames, are you content. Iamie. I am content: and like your maiestie, And will leave good castles in securitie. Edward, I craue no more. Now George a Greene, Ile to thy house: and when I have supt, Ile go to Aske, And see if Iane a Barley be so faire, As good King Iames reports her for to be. And for the ancient custome of Vaile staffe, keepe it still, Clayme priusledge from me:

If any aske a reason why? or how? Say, English Edward vaild his staffe to you.